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Mrs. Hemmicks Latest "Shocker" Very Unusual Look Into

In 2013

Women Will Wear 'Em.

There'll Be No Kisses.

There'll Be No Drinks.

Nobody Will Get Old.

Men Will Do Sewing.

Millionaires Exiled.

Only Insect Orchestras.

MRS. CHRISTIAN D. HEMMICK is Washington society's most original personage. She never does anything like anybody else. But, for the matter of that, she doesn't have to. She is rich enough and clever enough to be able to afford to do exactly what she pleases.

Mrs. Hemmick belongs to the religious sect of Bahai which represents a form of Buddhism. She is an artist, and, when not engaged in exercising her other talents, she writes plays. Her latest product in this line (to be presented by a company of gifted amateurs in Washington for the benefit of the woman suffrage cause) is of a semi-farical character, and is called "Some Years Hence." It deals with things as they are expected to be a century from now, 2013.

SCENE—The House of Justice in Washington.

A beautiful veranda room; at the rear great arches and a balustrade; city view in far distance. Persons alight from their aeroplanes upon the balcony. The room is very simple, but beautiful; the furniture is of wicker; all the hangings look washable. Season, April; date, 2013.

The costumes of the women suggest the Chinese or Japanese. All wear short, fluffy trousers. The men dress much the same. Shoes are without heels. The hats are all crownless, and, taken off in the house, are hung at the belt.

A pretty maid, whose name is Violet, opens the scene. She is dressed all in white with short trousers and short sleeves. A white kerchief hides her hair. She is busy with little white tables that stand about, arranging flowers on each. Birds fly hither and thither, and butterflies are seen among the flowers.

Enter Reggie, with whom Violet engages in an animated conversation. They speak of a recent revival at the principal church in town of an old-time play called "Camille." It appears that the chief use of the church is as a theatre—the most effective mode of conveying moral lessons being through the medium of the play—and the theatrical manager is a full-fledged bishop. The revival of "Camille" has failed to excite popular approval.



The Servant Problem in 2013.

VIOLET—"I am servant here eight hours a day. Then I go to tea at the White House!"

VIOLET—You see, in "Camille," they kissed (in a disgusted tone). Well, you know that even in our wayback towns that is considered dangerous. And, only fancy! the heroine of the play had consumption, and she went about just like the others, and had lovers, and all that sort of thing. Do you know, I think it is wrong to have prolonged the lives of some of our ancestors, for their old-fashioned ideas of morality will crop out. If they wished to produce an old-timer, why not something safe, like "Damaged Goods"? By the way, Reggie, you know the English Crown has offered a barony and a free estate to any American millionaire who will go to England to live. How many such millionaires have emigrated, do you think? Why, \$600, with their stupid families. Isn't that splendid news? It means 20,000 perfectly useless, idle, selfish, greedy people disposed of.

VIOLET—Calm yourself, Lady Snuffbox. You forget this is not England, and intelligence and achievement alone count here. They are our titles. Artists, writers, and thinkers are coming to our shores, for here they find their true place in society—the real society. I am a servant, but so are you. Work I dignity; therefore it is my form of worship. I am servant here for eight hours a day; then my brother, the aide to our President, calls for me, and we go to a concert, or a tea at the White House, something pleasant.

GERALDINE—Oh, mamma, I don't think I will like marrying Cousin Percy, even if he is a lord and has lots of money.

LADY SNUFFBOX—Stuff and nonsense! What do you mean?

GERALDINE—Reggie has just suggested that I marry him, and—

LADY S.—Reggie! But you could have known him only ten minutes and have never been introduced.

REGGIE—Oh, madam, how can one measure time? One minute of agony seems a minute. I might be with one woman a century and not love her; or, as now, ten minutes with another and I am filled with longings to live with her. Pray, consent to our marriage. But if you want, there is nothing to do but sign the request papers, show suitability, prove health, and there you are with a marriage certificate.

VIOLET—And you, Reggie, save your bachelor tax.



The Fashionable Woman of 2013, as She Will Appear on Fifth Avenue —if Mrs. Hemmicks' Prediction Is Right.

Our 100 Year Off Future by the Versatile Mother of the Famous Barney Sisters

LADY S.—Am I alive? Pinch me! Oh, not so hard (as daughter does so). Why, Geraldine, we came here to procure the license of marriage, with Lord Percy, who joins us soon. In this barbarous land the mother and girl must do this, they told me.

REGGIE—Yes, after she proves that she is sufficiently educated in the care of the home, looking out for babies, nursing, and other woman's branches. For, alas! we still have our ancestors' blood, and people still get sick occasionally—though no one ever desecrates the home by being ill in it. Then she must have an art, or something worth while, for ignorance is a terrible crime. It strikes me that the first thing of importance would be to correct your daughter's terribly out-of-date clothes. Happily, I can look beyond clothes. I can undress and dress persons.

LADY S. (gasping for breath)—And you, sir: what is to be your share?

REGGIE—Oh, I also must know about the child and the house, and assist in the household duties, in the laundry, and oh, lots of things. My wife will look after the children while I go out to business, and I, in my

GERALDINE (aside)—Oh, couldn't I! (To Reggie)—I am just a bit tired of my pedestal. Let's descend. (Puts a finger to his lips.) Do you know how to kiss? It's really not bad. (Goes up very close. He stands stiff and frightened.)

VIOLET (entering and interrupting)—What are you doing to Reggie? He looks miserable. Here, Geraldine, this has come for you. (Gives her an English newspaper.)

GERALDINE—Oh, the news at last. (Sits and unfolds her paper, and is soon buried behind its pages.)

REGGIE—What does it say? We use the shorthand type.

GERALDINE—I will read you all the horrors. "Man kills four children with pistol. Wife, frenzied at sight, jumps from window and may die. Drunkenness the cause. Usually a good, kind man, etc." That's not exciting. Oh, here! "Millions starve to death in China. Wife elopes with husband's friend. Woman arrested and put in prison for smashing windows."

REGGIE—Merciful heavens! Have you become so used to these horrors that they don't touch you? I am ill to faintness at the very mention. See the contrast. (Takes from pocket a small and beautiful newspaper printed on baby-blue paper.) Doesn't it smell nice? Faint mint; that's for the morning paper. The evening paper has a slight perfume of jasmine. (Reads a few agreeable items.)

(Lady Snuffbox hangs door and awakens the clergyman from a nap.)

CLERGYMAN—Pray, pardon me, Lady Snuffbox, I have been napping. Ah, I am not so young as I should be at my age—only 150 years. But I was renewed too late. Science can arrest age, but it cannot restore what is gone. I think that massage and the rage to keep young started about the year 1913. I was then fifty years of age—too late, my dear lady, too late.

VIOLET—I shall soon be forty, but I look eighteen.

LADY S.—(much interested)—Forty! Why, I am only forty, and see the difference. How do you manage it?

VIOLET—By keeping the law and obeying the teaching.

LADY S.—The law! What has that to do with wrinkles and gray hair?

VIOLET—It is the law that one mustn't get into a temper or think ugly thoughts, or worry, or owe anybody, or envy anybody, or gossip. And one must eat only rice, grain, fresh vegetables and fruit.

LADY S.—In other words, to live one may as well be dead.

VIOLET—Why didn't Geraldine ask any one to dance last night?

LADY S.—It is not our custom to seek partners for a dance, or in marriage.

VIOLET—How funny. Reggie has been hoping to be asked in marriage by me, for years. It is the right of a woman to pick out a husband.

LADY S.—I consider it quite indecent. VIOLET—If Geraldine doesn't take him, I suppose I shall, for the sake of economy. My freedom is burdened now by such a high tax. And then I love his achievements. Did you see in the paper that his quartette of Jersey mosquitoes had scored the highest success? He is a genius. His audience numbered thousands, and all showed their delight by fairly burying him in petals of roses—the usual applause.

(Geraldine refused Reggie.) VIOLET—When laughter has subsided, takes Reggie's arm and leads him to the clergyman.—Dear doctor, I have decided to marry Reggie. We can both procure the usual license for health, so let's get it over at once (rubbing her cheek on his arm as he shows his joy) and thus, Reggie, we can both save our bachelor taxes!



A Love Scene in the Everyday Costume of 2013.

REGGIE—"Kisses! Oh, please, I shall not dare! I never have—have you?"

turn, will perform that joyous service when she is absent. The education of the children we shall divide. This makes home life and responsibilities equal, in task and in pleasure, though, of course, most of the housework is now done by electricity. Also we shall share in the arrangement of flowers. This is a high art, and great honor is accorded to anybody who excels in it, as I do (showing buttons). This button was bestowed for efficiency in making my bachelor home all it should be—tidy, sensible and attractive. This one was for my insect orchestra.

GERALDINE—Thanks, Reggie. You are very polite, but too much so. Frankly, I like a little spice, and I am wild to have you snatch me roughly to you and cover me with kisses. There, now!

REGGIE—Kisses! Oh, please, I shall not dare. I never have—have you? But no, my mind must not dwell on these things. I am becoming dizzy. In old plays and romances I have read of uncontrolled persons flinging themselves into each other's arms and kissing. But you, my noble and pure Geraldine, could not be as such.

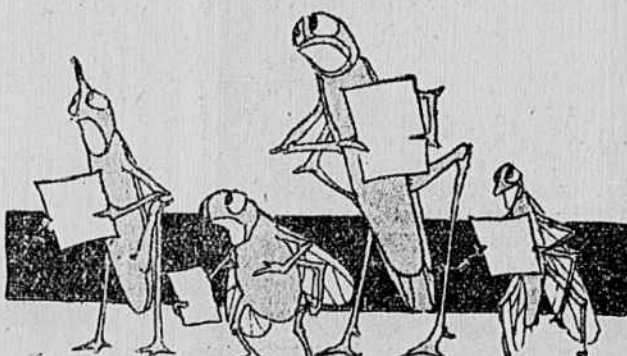
Summer Dangers to Blondes

THE brunette is more or less protected from the violence of the sun's rays by the very color of her skin and hair. The darker she is naturally the greater her protection, and the less care she need take. But just the reverse is the case with the blonde. The fairer she is the more perfect prey she is for the burning rays of the sun, and the more dangerous is it for her to go about bareheaded, as so many of the girls do at the seaside and in the mountains.

If you are of light complexion and have ever been so foolish as to expose yourself in a bathing suit to the sun-rays on the beach for hours at a time, as some do, you will remember with considerable distinctness how you suffered from the blistering of your skin. You did not know, perhaps, that very serious complications in the skin were set up in this way, and that nature has all it can do to throw off the poisons generated by your foolish exposure.

The protection of your eyes by the shade cast by the hat-brim is no less important, for the glare of the strong sunlight, especially at the seashore, where the sun-rays are reflected powerfully from sand and water, is most trying upon the eyes and through the eyes upon the entire system.

The point of all the discussion is that there was never a more stupid, unphysiological and foolish fashion than that of going bareheaded in Summer, especially for blondes, and as most of us are more blonde than brunette, it applies to a large majority of men and women living in our latitude. If you would be well and really enjoy your Summer to the full be sensible enough to wear your hat, and if you want to be very sure add tinted glasses to protect your eyes from the glare.



The Insect Orchestra of 2013, as Seen by Mrs. Hemmicks.